

Party In The [REDACTED]

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Party In The [REDACTED]

by [Wodniars_Void](#)

Summary

Walter Crondale-Soot has an envelope on his kitchen table, plain cream white and sealed with an ornate pink wax stamp. Every so often one of them will show up, each holding an invitation to a meeting. But this is no typical meeting, as one may expect. This is a party for Gods, Deities, Beings of Power, Particularly Interesting Cryptids, you name it! A shindig of all the most powerful beings you can imagine- and it'll go about as well as one might think.

Notes

Hi welcome to my first work for the fwiadc series!! Please read at least one of the main fics from there first, you will need the context!!! You might've seen my name around before in the comments or chapter end notes, but I'll talk more on that at the end. This little fic is all about Walter Crondale, the (currently) newest addition to the burs! Forgive the mess of tags, it's been a while,,, Enjoy! I had a lot of fun writing it lmao

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [klesek](#)

We start our scene in the simplest way, with one Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Crondale waking up on a beautiful, rainy day. Of course, this is no simple or ordinary day, but everyone likes to pretend so, at least for a little while. In Walter's case, today he is pretending that Wilbur is asleep in the other room, that there is no empty space for Mr. President the cat to futilely fill, and that when he walks out into the kitchen there will not be a familiar letter sat on the counter where he had left it since last Thursday. Alas, fiction is not reality, and the simple envelope held shut with an ornate wax seal stares at him in the morning sun.

It is an invitation, and today is an important day. This afternoon, and 12 o'clock precisely, Walter Crondale will halt his endless search and join a colorful cast of deities for their semi-annual meeting. Or, better said, their "whenever the hell we feel like it" meeting. At least The Creators have the decency to send out a two-week notice, so one can plan if they wish to attend.

Odd schedules and empty homes aside, Walter is in fact excited for the convention. He often finds it to be less of a meeting and more of a dinner party, if dinner parties were normally hosted in the void between universes and were attended by gods. To be fair, there was usually some form of drinks and food, though salmon was banned once Sally started to show up. An awkward day that was, when she first arrived and the hors d'oeuvres were crackers and smoked fish. Walter had no idea whose idea that was, considering she RSVP'd, but everyone fucks up sometimes! Like him, who unthinkingly touched his very hot tea mug, and had to stand in his kitchen for a silent moment wondering why he chose to experience such human emotions as pain.

I'll forgive the tea for its crimes today, he thought, but only because it tastes very good and it would be a shame to waste it. The dreary weather outside seemed to agree, as tea really is best on cold and wet days, and both were plentiful in England.

Thankfully, to some small degree, that was the shock he needed to pull him out of his thoughts, and Walter spent a thoroughly tired morning going through the motions of existing as a human man. Mr. President needed to be fed after all, and was particularly loud and insistent about this fact, just as he was most things.

As if speaking of the devil, the little white cat himself leaped on the counter and tried to bite his hand, and so Walter Crondale went about his morning as if everything was fine.

The clock struck noon, its twelfth chime ringing throughout the house, causing Walter to look up from the timeline he was carefully searching for the third time.

“Creators, is it fucking noon already?” he asked no one, except Mr. President (who was licking his own bum, as cats do). He silently debated with himself if he even wanted to go when he was so close to finding Wilbur, then groaned when he figured he was just delaying the inevitable and needed to get out of the house.

Grabbing his jacket, Walter turned and saluted Mr. President.

“You are in charge, Calvin Herbert Franklin Coolidge Hoover Roosevelt. Take care of the house, sir!”

Despite the fact that he was a cat, Mr. President looked up from his bath and stared at Walter in a way that could be interpreted as determination. That or murderous intent, and Walter hoped it was the former, because neither he nor Mr. President could die. No matter what it was, he gave a silly little nod and returned to his bath, prompting Walter to get a move on already in the way only cats can. Walter simply sighed, as this is the sort of thing cat owners are very used to, and went on his way to the “totally not a dinner party and very serious” meeting.

Slipping into the void was done in the blink of an eye, and Walter found himself at a neatly decorated arch surrounded by a swirling pattern of galaxies and stars. He adjusted his tie, stepped through, and found himself immediately accosted by a tipsy and thankfully human-sized Lady Death.

“WALTER!” she shouted, slinging an arm around his shoulders. “So good to see you! How are you?”

Walter couldn’t help but smile. Perhaps taking time off from his search for Wilbur was a good idea after all, when he could see his friends like this.

“Kristin! Could be better, you know how it goes. How about you?”

“Oh, just lovely!” she leaned in as if sharing a secret, her wide sunhat bonking him in the face a little. “Did you know I got custody of my son?”

“No, I hadn't heard! What happened?”

“Well!” she paused for dramatic effect. “He died!”

Walter went silent for a moment, processing this new and concerning information, before realizing this was The Goddess of Death and that wasn’t a bad thing.

“Congratulations! How’d that go? Is Phil dealing with it okay?” This only prompted her to lean in closer, the brim of her hat bonking him again.

“That’s the best part,” Kristin grinned. “We BOTH have custody! Some fucker pulled some necromancy, and now I have his ghost while Phil gets to keep an eye on his living self! It’s win-win!”

Now Walter, having pulled some strings concerning life and death himself, understood just how big of a deal that sort of thing was and was silently thankful that she hadn’t yet gotten her hands on the poor soul which had the guts to meddle with her domain without her permission, although he suspected they would receive a little respite for the fact that they somehow became the world’s best divorce lawyer and split custody between the realms of the living and dead. Regardless of the fact that The Angel of Death and Lady Death were actually quite happily married and happened to have been so for thousands of years. Which speaking of the man, he could see Philza and his horde of crows terrorizing the snack bar. Truly, living their best lives.

Keeping this all in mind, Walter racked his brain for a polite way to say “your experiences are not universal and I don’t know how to properly respond to this” and ended up saying “That’s great, Kristin! Glad it’s all been going well for you.” in his best customer service voice, despite the fact that he had never worked in customer service. Thankfully, she just giggled and continued.

“It is, it is! I even got a visit from Tommy, though it was a bit short. Only a couple months, and Wilbur stayed for years! Still, it’s always nice to see the boys! They’re so busy these days, they hardly even have time to pop in and visit their old mum. It’s that damned admin’s fault, limiting respawns, and their overseer for allowing it! No one there ever stops by for tea or a chat, they can’t! It’s rude, that’s what it is, and I intend to have some words with that XD fellow about his server if he ever shows his face at one of these.”

Walter nodded along, preparing to sit through one of Kristin’s lengthy rants about her world, sighing in relief inwardly when she appeared to catch herself and stop before she had talked his ear off.

“But anyways, enough about me! How’s the husband, Walt?”

Ah. shit. The exchange for not having to sit through her rambles. The Question. Well, better to rip the bandage off, as some would say!

“Missing and presumed dead, according to the government. Most likely flung into a different timeline, as far as I can tell.”

Appropriately, they stood in silence for a moment, as Kristin had her turn to process worrying information that was casually shared.

“Ah. That sucks!” She managed insightfully. “Is the search going well?”

Thinking of the desk in his study piled with papers, each covered with painstaking details of the hundreds of timelines and realities he had already searched to no avail, “Yes.” Walter lied through his teeth. “Yes, it’s going well. I’ve nearly found him, I think. It shouldn’t be long now!”

She smiled at him, and then paused as they watched a crow try to dive into the punch, only barely stopped by Phil’s quick reaction time. In fact, he seemed to be struggling a fair amount at protecting the food from his murderous murder. That was a problem, as there would be no funny little cheeses and crackers left for the deities to enjoy if Chat got its way. Ignoring the fact that The Creators would just summon more if necessary, at least.

“Welp!” Kristin said. “I’d better go help him out and corral Chat!”

“Good luck.” Walter could only nod solemnly, for the snacks were of utmost importance and therefore this was the most serious of matters.

“See you later, Walter!” She patted his back, then sauntered off to help her husband with his bird problem and promptly increased her height tenfold.

For this, Walter was relieved, because despite his job as a radio announcer/reporter and common perception, he was actually rather shit at interacting with people. Talking to yourself and some faceless millions of listeners is really different from talking to another person, alright?

Regardless of his poor social skills, Walter was not going to just stand around until another adequately social person ambushed him, and so he wandered off to see who else had shown up.

It was no surprise to see the Greek and Roman pantheons, with all the time they had on their hands nowadays. Zeus wasn’t there of course, having long been banned from attendance for his heinous disrespect of women, so Walter felt no fear as he passed and greeted the gathering. Alas, he knew none of them well, or else he might’ve stopped for a chat.

However, he spotted someone he could talk to without it being an awkward mess. Nearby a bearded young man sat on the ground, appearingly building a chair. You know, instead of sitting in one of the many provided. At least the floor, being the void between space and time, wouldn’t’ve been horribly uncomfortable. The perks of the venue being made by omnipotent beings! Then the thought occurred to Walter that perhaps he should go say hello instead of

standing around and debating the comfort of the floor material to himself like an idiot, so he went to do just that.

“Jesus!” he greeted, to the surprise of the apparently very focused man. “How’s it going?”

Real Life, Actual Historical Man Jesus Christ looked startled to have been approached, but happy enough to have a conversation.

“The chair? Or...?”

Walter, unsure of how to respond and suddenly aware this was probably going to be awkward, despite his wishes, just sort of nodded. “...Yeah. The chair.”

Jesus stuck the chair out to Walter, showing off his progress. “Well, I’ve got the seat and one of the legs together right now, so I’m just going to keep putting on all the legs for now. Then I’ll make and put on the back, and then it’ll be done.”

“Cool, cool.”

“Yeah.”

As if now both realizing that they had nothing else to talk about, the two sort of stood and/or sat there in silence for a moment, contemplating how to further go about this interaction.

“Well. see you around, man.” Walter said, for lack of anything else.

“Bye, Walter.” Jesus waved, then promptly returned to his chair. An equal escape from a bad conversation for the both of them, thank The Creators. Walter held back a sigh as he returned to his journey around the void, searching for something else to do. It would be a shame to leave a party so early, after all. Most unluckily, this was the void, and was therefore *void* of much to do. This left him with no activity but to walk among his fellow beings of power and look for someone else to hang out with.

One of The Creators must have taken pity on his hapless wandering, because in the distance he finally spotted another familiar figure. One Foolish Gamers, Totem of Undying happened to be his usual 23-feet-tall solid gold self, and a most useful beacon in the surrounding masses. *Success!* He thought, resisting the urge to pump his fist in celebration. *Finally, someone else I kind of know!* Truly, he was suffering an introvert at a party’s worst nightmare, until this glorious angel of gold guided him to the deities he knew well. Even deities and eldritch beings suffer social anxiety, who knew! And there nearby were the other server representatives, including one Goddess of the Sea, Sally Salmon Soot! One busy, not paying attention, *Sally Salmon Soot* .

Walking softly, Walter approached the landmark of a builder, sneaking silently towards his unaware prey. Sally had her back turned to him, caught in conversation with her fellow gods of the Dream SMP, the others having enough decency (or perhaps, a fellow lack of perception) to pretend not to notice him. Closer, closer, closer, then Walter leaped, effectively bearhugging Sally from behind, which was only made a little difficult by the fact that she was taller than him.

“ **JESUS!** ” she shrieked on instinct, nearly punching him in the face. It was a miracle of her restraint that she didn’t, really. “Walter, the fuck? What the hell, man!”

(The aforementioned man looked up as he heard someone yell his name, putting aside his work. It now had another leg attached, looking sort of like a human person if human people had very short torsos, no heads, and were always bent at a 90° angle at the waist. Which is to say, most unlike a human person at all. Regardless, Jesus H. Christ promptly realized that this was a case of his name as an exclamation rather than to get his attention, and returned to the half-built chair.)

“Sally!!!!!!” Walter exclaimed, somehow conveying all of the excess exclamation points. “Gotcha! Ohhhhhh, that was good, you should’ve seen your face!” he laughed, almost struggling to breathe. Not that he really needed to, on account of not being human, but after twenty or so years one gets used to the little things about a human form.

Sally had a deadly sort of calm expression, which was funny because death held no power over either of them. Still, it was the sort of face that puts fear into the hearts of the toughest men, which Walter was not, so he cowered with the appropriate amount of god-given fear. Ah, how the consequences of his actions impact him!

“Walter.” and oh, he was in trouble! The appropriate greek chorus of “ooooo”s came from the other beings, as if they were children watching someone get called to the principal’s office. “You have ten seconds. *Run.* ”

Wisely, for once in his life, Walter used his brain and sprinted into the void. The human form was a little limiting, so he dropped it in a flash of light and returned to the much faster method of floating above the surface of the void as a vague being. This was a futile effort of course, because despite being less powerful and holding less domain than Walter, Sally could not be triumphed by any man, human or otherwise. The other gods simply watched as Sally burst forward, slamming into the semi-corporeal Walter and pinning him to the ground.

“FUCK!” he screeched shrilly. “NO!”

Sally, of course, gave no mercy, and did not let up. To the passing viewer, it would appear that a very buff red-haired woman was holding down a sort of glowing fog with far too many eyes, which really made the feat all the more impressive.

“You made your bed and you lie in it, *Walter*. ” Sally snarled, though unable to hide the laughter in her voice.

“Release me, fiend!” Walter cried, shifting to his overdramatic radio persona voice. “Unhand me at once! This is an unjust attack upon an innocent man!”

Sally only raised her eyebrow, as they both knew he was full of horseshit.

“Uh huh.”

They sat in a silent battle of wills, Walter knowing that he would have to beg for mercy thrice in order for Sally to let him go, and Sally knowing Walter was a prideful son of none who’d rather sacrifice his dignity to being pinned down than beg for anything. A horrendous dilemma they’d come to many times in their long history, and yet there was never any question to the victor. Walter cursed again, swearing in a variety of different languages, all the while struggling against Sally’s hold. He even twisted back into his human shape, hoping to surprise her, but one should know they can’t out-slip a fish. As he lay defeated, another point to Sally, he gave acknowledgement of her triumph with a sigh.

“Mercy! Mercy upon me! Have mercy for this poor, foolish man!” he cried, trying to seem a little like he had meant for this to happen. It didn’t work. They pulled this sort of shenanigan every meeting, and nothing ever changed. So just as always, Sally reveled in her victory, smiling smugly at Walter as she let him up.

“Ugh.” he groaned, adjusting his human form back to normal and dusting himself off. “You, ma’am, are *despicable* .”

She smiled innocently at him, the act betrayed by her incredibly pointy teeth. Weren’t salmon omnivores? Walter was suddenly reminded that she was in fact, the local embodiment of the sea and all of its dangers.

“I have no idea what you mean.” and wow, that smile was unnerving! For all his bravado, Walter was a simple creature at heart, and that simple creature feared the indescribable depths of the ocean. He could only gulp in fear. Really, the only man who didn’t fear her even a little had to be that husband of hers, smitten as they were for each other. Their little family pictures with their son were the best thing at these accursed dinner parties.

“Right.” he cleared his throat, deeming himself presentable enough. Now that he wasn’t fearing or begging for his life, he realized that they had actually gained a surprising amount of distance from the rest of the Dream SMP deities. “Shall we return to the, er, festivities?”

Sally extended her arm, as if she was about to escort him down the red carpet or an aisle at a wedding. “Shall we?”

Knowing there was no winning here, Walter took her arm, and they began the trek back to the equivalent of civilization.

Everyone was laughing at them by the time they had walked back, because of course they were. No matter how many times Walter tried to beat Sally in a fight, she always won. The comedy was more in the fact that he was still trying, really. And apparently that comedy was great, because Foolish was keeled over in half wheezing, while Clara leaned against him struggling to breathe. Or so he assumed, because her galaxy hair really blended into the surrounding void, but the way she was occasionally coughing felt evidence enough. Even Kristin and Phil had shown up somewhere along the way for the scene! Either way, they were laughing at his expense, and despite the fact that he was not actually upset, he was not Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Crondale if he didn't put on a show.

“Why am I even friends with you all?” he grumbled good-naturedly. “You’re all so cruel to me and for no reason!”

Between his wheezes, Foolish managed to choke out “okay, boomer!”, which was incredibly rude, especially considering that by modern terms he was at least two generations older than “boomers”, and that was only his human form! So naturally, the only way to respond to this was to be as overdramatic as possible.

Gasping and flinging his hand to his chest, Walter let his voice slide into something crotchety and old, akin to what a statue of a famous old asshole white guy would sound like if it could yell at people to get off its lawn.

“Why you kids! How dare you! Back in my day, we had to walk uphill on ice in the middle of blizzards every day! Even in the summer!” he shouted, conveniently leaving out that this was both true and very far from being a recent event. Around 18,000 years ago, to be precise, before he had taken much interest in humanity. So most certainly not “his day”, but anything for the bit!

By now anyone in earshot would be thoroughly incapacitated, if not for their respectively godly constitutions. Surely this was Walter's true power- to be the funnyman entertainer supreme! All his radio performance training burned in his heart, fueling him as his dear friends suffered.

Sally let out a sound similar to a dying goose, long and full of suffering. “Walter- Walter please-”

“EH? *EH?!!*” he screeched, as if he was so old he couldn't hear. “What's that, sonny? Eh?”

“Walter-” she begged, all of those surrounding them looking rather disheveled from all their laughing. “No more, please, some of us need to *breathe*, please-”

Seeing their varying states of distress, Walter relented, satisfied with his act. Twisting back to his usual “average young human man” form, Walter smirked as he watched his fellow gods recombobulate themselves. This too was part of the usual cycle- and a well-loved tradition at that. He would antagonize Sally, get his ass beat, take the walk of shame as pridefully as possible, then antagonize everyone else with his truly supreme comedy skills.

Now put together again, the group stood in comfortable silence, enjoying each other’s company as they so rarely got to do. It was a shame, really, how busy each of them were. Clara and Sally both ruled over entire dimensions -The End and The Overworld’s waters, respectively-, while Foolish held domain over storms and the undying. Kristin, of course, was revered as Lady Death, her husband her angel. And Walter? Well, Walter was... a special case, some may say. Not quite unique, but certainly a rare one, and one largely unparalleled as well. To put succinctly, well, Walter was sort of the opposite of his adoring radio audience. His listeners, if you will. And he had his hands full with timelines as it was regardless!

No matter what his immortal duties were, he had a husband and a home to care for, and friends who understood the ups and downs, and that was enough for him. Despite all his grandeur and dramatics, those little things *were* enough. He couldn’t be happier, really! In all his time existing, he’d never been happier than he was now, and as far as he could see there would be nothing and no one who would ever make him as happy again. *Of all the times and all the places I could ever be in, this is the best.* Walter thought, and unlike so many other things which came with the nature of a performer, this was the full truth.

So it was standing there, in his circle of friends, Walter allowed himself to let go of his lingering worries and fears, and simply enjoy the little things that he was so lucky to have.

Creators, this party really was a good idea after all.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!!!! this dude took me like a month like wow getting back into fic-writing properly is HARD. who would'a thunk eh? Anyways I hope y'all enjoyed, I've done a lot of work behind the scenes with Klesek working on fwiadc so it was awesome to finally put something out there for it!! Walter is close to my heart as we tend to make lots of little rambles about him and Rust <3 He is soooo badass guys I can't wait for klesek to show that off a bit in the main fic <3

Take care y'all! do the things that make you happy and all that :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!